

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE CRIMINAL.

(In Continuation.)

MY first thought, on recovering my liberty, was my native town. As little as I had there to hope for my future support, the more promising were my expectations of satiating my thirst for revenge. My heart beat more licentiously as I descried at a distance the steeple arise from amongst the woods. It was no more the heart-felt pleasure and satisfaction which I had experienced on my first pilgrimage. The memory of all the hardships, of all the persecutions I had once undergone there, awoke at once from a terrible death-like sleep, all my wounds bled afresh, and every scar to my honour was again unripped. I redoubled my pace, for I anticipated in my mind the pleasure of overwhelming my enemies with consternation by my sudden appearance, and I now thirsted as much for humiliation, as I formerly trembled for it.

"The bell tolled for evening service as I stood in the midst of the market-place. The people thronged to church. They soon recollected me, and every one that

stumbled on me seemed shy and retreated. I had always been particularly fond of little children, and even now this attachment involuntarily got the better of me, and I offered a little boy that hopped by me a penny. The boy looked at me a few moments with a fixed stare, and then threw the money in my face. Had my blood been a little more cool, I should have remembered, that the long beard which I wore, since my release from the fortress, had disfigured the traits of my face, and had rendered them horrid—but my bad heart had infected my reason. Tears, such as I had never shed, rolled over my cheeks.

"The boy knows not who I am, nor whence I come, said I, half audibly to myself, and yet he avoids me like a bugbear. Am I then marked any where on the forehead, or have I no longer the appearance of a mortal, because I feel that I can no longer love one? The contempt of this boy pained me more sensibly than three years labour as a convict, for I had done him good, and could accuse him of no personal hatred.

"I seated myself in a carpenter's yard opposite the church; for what reason I know not; but I

well remember that I arose irritated to the highest pitch, as none of all my acquaintance, who passed by, not even one, deigned to take the least notice of me. With reluctance I left my station for an inn ; as I was turning the corner of a street, I ran full against my Johanna. ' Mine host of the sun !' exclaimed she, quite loud, and advanced to embrace me ; ' you here again, dear landlord of the Sun ! thank God, that you are returned !' Famine and extreme wretchedness were visible in her dress, an opprobrious malady in her face, her whole appearance bespoke the most abandoned of creatures to which she was sunk. I soon conceived what must have happened. Several dragoons whom I had met led me to believe that there were soldiers quartered in the town. Soldier's trull ! cried I, and in a fit of laughter, turned my back upon her. It gave me pleasure to think that there was a creature in the scale of mankind more despicable than myself. I never loved her.

" My mother was dead ; my creditors had paid themselves with my small house ; I had nobody and nothing more to interest me ; the whole world fled from me as from a viper ; but I had, at last, lost all sense of shame. Formerly I had avoided the eyes of mankind, because I could not brook contempt. At present I obtruded myself upon them, and took delight to scare them ; I felt myself

at my ease, since I had nothing more to lose, and nothing more to care for ; I stood in no further need of any good quality, as no one supposed me capable of any.

" The wide world lay before me, I might have, perhaps, passed for an honest man in another province, but I had lost the courage even to appear as one. Despair and shame had, at last, obliged me to adopt this mode of thinking ; it was the last subterfuge that remained to me, to reconcile myself to the want of honour, since I could no longer lay claim to any. Had my vanity and pride survived my degradation, I must have committed suicide.

" What my resolutions then were, I know not properly myself, so much I recollected obscurely—I determined to deserve my fate ; the laws, I thought, were a benefit to the world ; I resolved therefore to infringe them. Formerly, I transgressed from necessity and levity ; at present, I did it from free choice, and for pleasure.

" The first thing I did was to continue deer-stealing. Hunting, in general, grew upon me to a passion ; and, besides, it was also necessary for me to subsist. But this was not the only motive that actuated me ; it was highly gratifying for me, to set the prince's edict at defiance, and do my sovereign every possible injury. I was no wise afraid of being apprehended, for I had a ball ready for him who

should detect me ; and I knew well that I did not miss my man. I killed all the game that came in my way ; what I converted into money on the frontiers, was but little ; the most I suffered to rot ; I led a very miserable life, in order to defray the expence of powder and shot. My devastation in the prince's forests became the subject of common talk ; but no longer did suspicion fall on me. My appearance extinguished it ; my name was forgotten.

" This sort of life I led for several months. One morning, as usual, I traversed the wood, to follow the trace of a stag. Two hours I had fatigued myself to no purpose ; and I then began to give up my booty as lost, when I at length discovered it within my shot. I was on the eve of putting the piece to my shoulder, and of firing, when suddenly the appearance of a hat, that lay a few paces from me on the ground, affrighted me.

" I cast my eyes around me on every side, and immediately discovered the huntsman, Robert, who, from behind the trunk of an aged oak, levelled at the same stag for which I designed my shot. A deadly damp pervaded all my limbs as I saw him. He, of all living, was exactly the mortal whom I most abhorred, and he was within the reach of my ball. In this moment it seemed to me as if the whole world lay in my shot, and the hatred of my whole life con-

centrated itself in the singular point of the finger with which I was to press the murderous trigger. An invincible dreadful hand hovered over me ; the regulator of my fate pointed irrecoverably to this black minute ; my arm trembled as I left my gun the horrid choice ; my teeth chattered as if in a feverish cold ; and the breath, which had confined itself to my lungs, almost suffocated me. For a whole minute the muzzle of my gun remained doubtfully directed between the man and the stag—a minute—and still a minute—a third ! Revenge and conscience contended obstinately and doubtfully, but revenge got the better, and the huntsman lay stretched a corpse on the earth.

" My arm dropt with the shot. Murderer ! stuttered I, slowly.—The forest was still as a churchyard—I heard distinctly that I had said murderer. As I slipped nearer, the man died. Long did I stand speechless before the deceased ; a loud fit of laughter, at length, gave me respiration. Will you now hold your tongue, my friend ? said I, and stepping boldly up to the body, turned the face outwards. The eyes stood wide open ; I grew serious, and became again quite silent—I began to feel strange.

" The judgment of God never once occurred to me ; but a judgment, I do not well know which, a confused remembrance of the halter and sword, and the execution of a woman for child murder,

which I had witnessed when a school-boy. There was something extremely frightful for me in the idea, that my life, from the present moment, was forfeited. The other particulars of what I then felt I cannot now recollect. I wished immediately after the perpetration of the murder, that the huntsman still lived. I did myself violence to recall in a lively manner to my remembrance all the evil he had done me during his life, but strange! my memory seemed as if it had died within me; I could not retrace a single circumstance of all that, but a quarter of an hour before, had driven me mad; I could not at all conceive how I could have been guilty of this murder!

(To be Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

—
 THE LADIES' TOILETTE;
 OR,
 ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

(Continued from page 309.)

—
 ONE cause which has a much more powerful influence over our ideas of beauty, an influence which I might venture to call eternal, is national taste. We cannot forbear thinking that beautiful which we have seen admired ever since we have been in existence. This influence possesses such power, that even, the most distinguished artists

who, by continual reflection on the art they practise, and by long study on the different styles, ought to have acquired ideas divested of national prejudices, still preserve in their works a tincture of the taste of their countrymen. Of this I could produce twenty examples, but shall confine myself to a single one. Look at the pictures of Rubens. All the female figures that he painted are of gigantic stature, and have excessive *embonpoint*. Will it be said that he had no intention of painting beauty, that he sought only to represent nature such as he found her? Examine, then, his picture representing the three rival goddesses, disputing, before the shepherd Paris, the apple destined for the most beautiful. Certainly, in this picture, Rubens intended to depict beauty; and yet Minerva, Venus, and Juno, are three tall, robust, fat, Flemish wenches. This piece by Rubens is at present in the Louvre, at Paris. None of our handsome females would wish to resemble any of these three goddesses.

First impressions likewise contribute to give a bias to our judgments on beauty. Certain forms please us throughout life, because they were the first that spoke to our senses. We love them, not from a rational perception of their beauty, but because they awaken in us the most violent sensations we ever experienced, those sensations which had all the charm of novelty, a charm, the full value of

which we cannot appreciate, till it is no longer in our power to feel it. This cause frequently goes to such a length, as to make us discover irresistible attractions even in the defects, and to create the most singular and ridiculous tastes. Is it not well known that Descartes preserved, all his life, an astonishing predilection for women who squinted? And why? Because the first woman that made an impression on his heart had that defect; and that defect, wherever he met with it, reminded him of the agreeable sensations he had experienced.

It is, therefore, evident, that it is impossible to say positively where-in beauty consists; and this is admitted by all those who have most profoundly investigated the subject.

I could quote numerous authorities in my favour, but one shall suffice. I shall borrow it from a writer who might be supposed the most violent opponent of the sentiment I am here defending—I mean Winkelmann. His words are: "A regular discussion of beauty requires that something should be said concerning what destroys beauty, which is the negative idea of that quality." Cicero says to Cotta, on the subject of the deity, that it is much easier to determine what he is not, than to pronounce what constitutes him. Beauty and ugliness are, in a certain degree, like health and disease; the latter

makes itself felt, not the former. To strive to give an idea of its essence, is an enterprize which has often been attempted, but never executed: if this idea admitted of mathematical demonstration, the opinions of men with regard to beauty, would not be so extremely various."

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

INTO THE ORIGIN AND DIVERSITIES OF COSTUME.

SIR,

YOU have, without doubt, sufficiently employed yourself upon the subject of which I am about to treat, to know that fashion is not a creature of modern times; but that gowns, caps, hats, and petticoats, have their pedigree and illustrious descent, as well as other things. I Mr. Editor, am an antiquarian, and have endeavoured to amuse the dryness of my studies, by occasionally converting them to the purposes and amusements of the fair sex; and having in my reading discovered the origin and inventions of certain dresses, many of which are now worn, some obsolete, and others newly revived, I have undertaken to form my discoveries into a letter, and through the medium of your miscellany, to offer them at the shrine of the fair sex.

We are informed by several antiquaries, that in the time of Ann, Richard the Second's queen, the

women of quality first wore traips ; the same queen introduced side-saddles."

It is recorded in the reign of Henry the Eighth, "that Anne Boleyn wore yellow mourning for Catharine of Arragon."

The reign of Mary is supposed to be the era of ruffs and farthingales, as they were first brought hither from Spain. Howell tells us in his letters, "that the Spanish word for a farthingale, literally translated, signifies *cover-infant*, as if it was intended to conceal pregnancy ; it is perhaps of more honourable extraction, and might signify *cover-infanta*. A blooming virgin in that age, seems to have been more solicitous to hide her skin, than a shrivelled old woman is at present ; the very neck was generally concealed ; the arms were covered quite to the wrists ; the petticoats were worn long, and the head gear, or coifure, close ; to which was sometimes fastened a light veil, which fell down behind as if intended occasionally to conceal even the face."

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

Edward Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was the first who introduced embroidered gloves and and perfumes into England, which he brought from Italy. He presented the queen with a pair of perfumed gloves, and her portrait was painted with them upon her hands.

As the queen left no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died, and was possessed of the dresses of all countries, it is somehow strange that there is such a uniformity of dress in her portraits, and that she should take a pleasure in being loaded with ornaments.

At this time the stays and bodies were worn long-waisted. Lady Hunsdon, the foremost of the ladies in the procession to Hunsdon-house, appears with a much longer waist than those that follow her. She might probably have been a leader of the fashion, as well as of the procession.

JAMES I.

Wilson informs us that the Countess of Essex, after her divorce, appeared at Court 'in the habit of a virgin, with her hair pendant, and almost to her feet.' The Princess Elizabeth, with much more propriety, wore her's in the same manner, when she went to be married to the Prince Palatine.

The head of the Countess seems to be oppressed with ornaments, and she appears to have exposed more of the bosom than was seen in any former period.

The ladies began to indulge a strong passion for foreign laces in the reign of James, which rather increased than abated in succeeding generations.

The ruff and farthingale all con-

tinued to be worn. Yellow starch for ruffs, first invented by the French, and adapted to the sallow complexion of that people, was introduced by Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, who had a principal hand in poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury. This vain and infamous woman, who went to be hanged in a ruff of that colour, helped to support the fashion so long as she was able : it began to decline upon her execution.

The ladies, like those of Spain, were banished from court during the reign of James, which was perhaps a reason why dress underwent very little alteration during that period.

It may not be impertinent to remark, that the lady of Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, was mistress of the sweet (or perfumed) coffers to Ann of Denmark ; an office which answered to that of mistress of the robes at present.

CHARLES I.

Ladies wore their hair low on the forehead, and parted in small ringlets. Many wore it curled like a peruke, and some braided and rounded in a knot at the top of the crown : they frequently wore strings of pearls in their hair ; earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and other jewels, were also much worn.

Laced handkerchiefs resembling the large falling band worn by the

men were in fashion among the ladies ; this article of dress has been lately revived, and called a Vandyke.

Cowley, in his discourse "On Greatness," censures some enormities in the dress of his time, in the following terms :—"Is any thing more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them ? and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up."

CHARLES II.

The citizens' wives in his reign seem to have had their domestic sumptuary laws, and to have adopted the frugal maxims of their husbands ; there appears from Holiar's habits, to have been a much greater disparity in point of dress betwixt them and the ladies of quality, than betwixt the former and the wives of our present yeomanry.

WHAT IS LIFE BUT A ROMANCE ?

Life's but a walking shadow : a poor player
That frets and struts his hour upon a stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.".....*Shakespeare.*

WHERE is the man, (I speak of him who from birth and education,

mixes with society) who has not met with some of those extraordinary events, which nobody believes if found in a book, but which are given full credit to, when related by the hero himself?—Travel in a diligence or stage-coach: at first you look about you, and say nothing; soon afterwards you get a little acquainted with your fellow travellers; and at length, after mutual observations and discoveries, in order to amuse one another, you tell, by turns, all the wonderful accidents that have happened to you through life.

This gentleman escaped being killed, by a most miraculous interposition of Providence. The one opposite him has been shipwrecked at least half a dozen times; taken by corsairs, and carried to Tunis as a slave; from whence, after employing a thousand ingenious devices, he succeeded in regaining his freedom. His neighbour on the right hand, informs you with great modesty that, when he was upon his travels, having to cross a desert, his horse and himself lived eight days without eating or drinking.

A lady then gives a circumstantial account of falling into a fish-pond when she was a child; that she had sunk twice, and was going down the third time, when she was rescued from a watery grave by a large Newfoundland dog of her father's, who leaped into the pond, and brought her out in safety. A

military gentleman, seated next her, takes the opportunity of the discourse turning on highwaymen, to express his contempt of them; and assures the company, that he was once attacked on such a road by a banditti; that he alone resisted the whole body, killed four with his own hand, and put the rest to flight.

The conversation at length turns upon the fair sex; and a dashing blade, of about two and twenty, asserts that, God forgive him, he has deceived ten women at a time, that the only one he ever really loved, was seduced by his rival; and that at last he had married one, who had fully revenged her sex by her ill qualities, which had obliged him to live separate from her.

Doubtless the reader has sometimes passed his evening at one of those houses where there is not the amusement of cards, but where the mistress, who has for some time been *post meridiem*, supported by large cushions, with her foot negligently placed on a damask stool, is surrounded by old courtiers, ruined speculators, antiquated coquettes, and others of both sexes, who know not how to drag on the burden of their existence.—If so, when politics, the news of the day, and slander have had their turn, and are exhausted, he has probably heard the amiable mistress, to entertain her guests, go into a history of her early adventures, paint emphatically the domination of her

passions ; and console herself for the present by the remembrance of the past ; boast of the heroic deeds of those knights who were proud to wear her chains. Twenty of them were killed in duels ; an officer of the dragoons set fire to a convent to procure her liberty, and carry her off to a foreign country ; a burgomaster, in despair at her indifference, put an end to his life by poison ; the Emperor of Russia was deeply smitten with her—his ministers were no less struck with her beauty : a bashaw with three tails offered her all the gold and diamonds of the eastern world—she rejected every thing with noble disinterestedness. What attacks were not made on her virtue ! An artist, a young Italian painter, became enamoured of her charms ; the pencil of Apelles prevails over the treasures of Croesus. But time flies, the days of pleasure pass rapidly away, the rose loses its fragrance, and the painter forsakes his new Sophronima, in order to go and copy the ruins of ancient Greece.

The unfortunate damsel afterwards marries a rich financier, who dies in a state of insolvency, and the poor widow is at length reduced to talk of her former splendor in the midst of a circle of grey-beards ; who in reply relate the battles they have fought, the sieges they have undertaken, the assaults they have sustained, the embassies which have been intrusted to them, the money they have squandered,

and the success they still meet with, (alluding to the fair sex) notwithstanding their grey hairs.

A person present, whose errand there, is to make observations, listens attentively, collects all these circumstances, arranges the materials, and gives to the public, disguised as fabulous, the history of these ridiculous personages.—The vices, the faults, the virtues, the crimes, and the noble actions, all is huddled together : it resembles falsehood ; it is called a NOVEL or ROMANCE, and yet every part is founded on reality.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,

I am an old Bachelor, who now in my fifty-fifth year have just discovered the folly of celibacy. I am descending into the vale of years, and am about encountering all the infirmities of senility, without having any kindred soul to reciprocate my feelings, to participate my felicity, or sympathise with me in disaster. My height is about five feet eleven inches, to which some of my relations have insisted I should add the tenth of another inch, but as certainty is not attained, I shall not asseverate with positivity as to this fractional part. Moreover, sir, I possess very commendable rotundity ; inso-much that my taylor (Mr. Breech) though he has very long arms, in

measuring me for a vest, never pretends to embrace me, but always makes his measure fast to a button, and walks around my person. I always wear my hair *en queue*, but as I often have it cut I cannot inform you of its stationary length, though it may average at three quarters of a yard. Once when I was in the country, I bound my hair with *white tape*, but in town I have invariably made use of excellent black ribband, which I at present purchase from an apothecary in my neighbourhood, who happening to pass an auction, bought a small box, and has since retailed it out among his particular friends. To conceal nothing from the female world, I will candidly acknowledge that I have a hair mole on my left shoulder, which was told me about thirty years ago by a faithful old negro servant. I sustain a most creditable character in the community, am praised for many acts of public spirited achievement, but am, notwithstanding, most intolerably teased for being an old Bachelor. This, however, is not entirely my fault, for I once courted a widow for several years, and then offered myself, but was rejected, to my utter astonishment, and when the lady was asked why she refused me, she had nothing to answer but because I wore *black knee-buckles*. Now, Sir, perhaps some of your fair readers may be willing to unite themselves to a man of my description—if they are, let them make their willingness known, and if they are not, let them

say nothing, and not laugh at an unfortunate and valetudinary old Bachelor. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, hereafter I may furnish you with some part of my biography.

JEREMY SOLUS.

New-York, March 15—1808.

From the Emerald.

Thy school, O misery !
And our only lesson is to learn to suffer.

THE whole creation is a mystery ; not less so is man. The organick actions of life are constantly fluctuating. The balance alternately trembles, and is poised. We pass from health to disease, from fear to hope, from joy to sorrow, from smiles to misery, till at length the pendulum stops, and we sink forgotten in the tomb.

" *Omnia luctando vincunt, ceduntque vicissim,*
"*At sedet omnipotens, nutanti immotus Olympo.*"

Man is naturally beneficent, while in the enjoyment of his vital functions, the blood flows freely from the centre to the surface, his fibres vibrate in equal unison to the influence of heat, that great agent of sensation, sentiment, and thought, his heart yields to the soft impressions of beauty, sensibility is aroused in the display of the munificence of nature, and he feels himself a portion of that vast chain to which he is bound by social, political, and moral obligation.

This state of happiness is but transitory. The physical evils to which, with the rest of beings, we are subjected, haunt us in every desire. Our first and our last instructor is grief. We come crying into this world; we leave it with a groan. We cease, however, to feel pain, in proportion as we are necessitated to bear it; so strange, says Shakespeare, is the art of our necessities. Poverty, for example, is not in itself to be dreaded, is not a misfortune; it is only so in relation to its effects on individuals, as regards their taste, character, and education. Man is the creature of habit; his wants, for the most part, are artificial and superfluous, but by use they grow into second nature, and their supply becomes essential to his ideal happiness. Hence misery, whose origin is to be traced up to simple, physical pain, is multiplied into a vast species of mental wretchedness. Enter polished society, see there how poverty is regarded. It is a crime, not a misfortune; an object of curiosity, not a subject of charity. The apparel proclaims the man; his vices disappear, his iniquities vanish, when touched with the magic wand of wealth. How bear such misery? Retire and live frugally, seek peace in simplicity, and truth in Deity. Recollect, poverty not unfrequently exalts the merit that it covers; that riches do not constitute virtue; that honour, bright honour, is the good man's shield. Remember nature is true to herself.

"Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perched
on Alps,

"And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

The pusillanimous Roman Emperor could crouch and sink to the very privy of his palace at the threatening of his dissolution; but the intrepid soul of Socrates, in the cell of his dungeon, surrounded by his few surviving friends, could smile complacent on the base ingratitude of his countrymen, and drink to its dregs the chalice of his misery.

Does misfortune consist in privation? One man is ambitious of power, another of riches, another of office.—The effect is the same, equal poverty in all. Absolute poverty can exist only in a state of starvation; a situation which can scarcely be said to exist in a civilized society. Sudden contrast of situation, is what constitutes real misfortune, whether mental or corporeal. To the lowly born and bred, a depression of circumstances is easily supported. But when we are suddenly precipitated from an elevated station, to which we have been justly raised, to associate in such circumstances, content with bare subsistence, is the result of a firmness and decision of character, which ennoble the possessor, and appals the world, whose compassion, alas! is seldom bestowed unaccompanied with the selfishness of pride, and the hauteur of superiority. The Deity has therefore wisely ordained that physical evil should instruct us

how to be happy, by teaching us how to suffer. Let us improve the moral, and like the saviour of mankind, secure in the intrepid virtue of integrity, disarm malice of its sting, envy of its grasp, and poverty of its seeming wretchedness ; remembering that blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit peace.

OF GARRICK.

HOGARTH, the intimate friend of Fielding, was inconsolable for not having been able, during the life of the latter, to persuade him to sit for his portrait. One morning as the painter, alone in his chamber, was at work on the drape-ry of the Duchess of —, he heard a voice coming from the drawing-room door, like that of the deceased Fielding ; who, in a hollow voice, called, "Hogarth, come and paint me." The artist, who was no great believer in ghosts, reflected for a moment, laughed, and continued his work ; but presently after, the same voice was heard repeating the same words. He hastily rose, opened the drawing-room door, and started back terrified, thinking he absolutely saw Fielding, who said, "Fear nothing, but make haste and take my likeness, for I cannot stay here above a quarter of an hour." Hogarth had the courage to outline the figure ; and so much to the satisfaction of the phantom, that it said, "Vastly well, Hogarth ;

farewell ! but in leaving the room beware thou dost not look back,"

Returning to his chamber, the painter, though much affected, could not, on consideration, long support this adventure, supernatural. He rang the bell, and interrogated the servants concerning who had been admitted ; but could not trace the least circumstance to found suspicion. Thinking, if he explained himself too far, the fear of ghosts might seize his servants, he sent them away, and left it to time to bring this affair to light ; but the more he looked on the portrait of his friend, the greater he thought the likeness—he did not finish it, not daring to reply too much on his own judgment ; but placed it amongst his new works, so that his visitors might see it ; most of whom had known Fielding. How great was his surprise, when he saw the general and instant sensation it produced ! But Hogarth was not satisfied with the strange manner in which it was obtained ; and one day having required profound secrecy, he ventured to consult his friend Garrick on this affair.—What was his new astonishment, when this celebrated actor told him, that having, like him, long regretted the want of a portrait of Fielding, he had, through the means of a servant, got into his drawing-room, and by changing his voice and countenance by his mimicry, been able to deceive his friend.

Hogarth was now convinced of the obligation he owed Garrick, whose prodigious memory could thus imitate a man who had been dead eight years.

VARIETY.

THE effect of music on the body, as well as mind, was verified, during a late general mourning. A tailor having a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a short space of time—among his workmen, there was a fellow who was always singing *RULE BRITANNIA*, and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play the lively tune of *Nancy Dawson*. This had the proper effect—the tailors' elbows moved *obedient to the melody*, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

MR. T. Sheridan was saying, that if he got into parliament, he would not stand upon principles as his father had, to the ruin of his fortunes; but would stick a bill on his forehead, with this inscription—"To be let." "That's very well of you," said Mr. Sheridan, "but you may as well be explicit at once, Tom, and say, To be let, unfurnished."

"I CANNOT endure," said Madame de Sevigne, to hear people say—I am too old to amend; I could rather bear this language from a young person. Youth is so amiable that it must be adored, were the qualities of the mind as perfect as the graces of the body. But when we are no longer young, we ought to endeavour to cultivate and improve our intellectual faculties, that we may regain in useful qualifications what we have lost with respect to those which are agreeable."

The authority of fashion is so singularly absolute, that it forces us to be ridiculous under pain of appearing so.

Vice seems to be the history of man, and virtue only his romance.

Too much preciseness and solemnity in pronouncing what one says in common conversation, as if he were preaching, is generally taken for an indication of self-conceit.

Make your company a rarity, and people will value it. Men despise what they can easily have.

Nothing is more unmannerly than to reflect on any man's profession, sect, or natural infirmity. He who stirs up against himself another's self-love, provokes the strongest passion in human nature.

There is hardly and bodily blemish, which a winning behaviour will not conceal, or make tolera-

ble ; and there is no external grace which ill-nature or affectation will not deform.

Benevolence is the light and joy of a good mind : " it is better to give than to receive."

Despise not the meanest of mankind : a wasp may sting a giant.

A modest man feels his own superiority ; a proud man makes others feel it.

Use to-day ; to-morrow may never come.

When mankind are in a humour to be captious, moral writings, in the gross, are liable to their censure. The most formidable of all dreads to writers, who rest not contented with the testimony of a clear conscience, is a *laboured, shivering* kind of *charitable* praise, intended to communicate a sort of *mental ague* to the soaring mind.

SONG.

BANISH SORROW.

To be truly blest, believe me,
Seize the happy hour of youth ;
Time in promise will deceive thee,
Present pleasures speak the truth.

Time's the harbinger of sorrow :
Care's the daughter of delay :
Never trust the wretch to-morrow,
But be truly blest to-day.

.....

On a painful interview with a mad Girl.

As yesterday I wayward stray'd,
In lonesome, contemplative mood,

I met a poor distracted maid,
Near her lov'd haunt, a gloomy wood.

All morn, beneath the fervid sun,
She wander'd o'er the russet plain,
Me seeing, she appeared to shun,
As if with horror and disdain.

Her face was worn and wan to view,
It languished with a trembling tear,
On vacancy her eye she threw,
And staring—started back with fear.

Then laugh'd—then with a heavy sigh,
Thus she a wither'd rose address'd—
" Thoughtless I destined you to die—
How could you bear this burning breast ?"

Now with a 'witching look she said,
" My Thomas will come home to day,
His bird so sung above my head,
And Thomas would'nt a bird betray."

At this she, shuddering, uttered loud,
" Ah no ! he's dead—we near shall meet :

But yes, he smiles in yonder cloud !
Wait, wait, I'll bring his winding sheet."

With that she ran—then made a stop,
And stoop'd as if oppress'd to breathe :
I thot' her fainting—"Twas to crop
Some daises wild, to make a wreath.

And as she twisted them around,
She sung so soft, so sweet a ditty,
I thrill'd at every melting sound,
And felt affection blend with pity.
(Pastime.

.....

BURKE.

THE splendid eloquence of Mr. Burke, has often been the theme of praise, and his great merit as a writer and orator not only eulogized by his friends, but his enemies. Mr. Hall, in his "Apology for the

freedom of the press," although his political adversary, yet disdaining to detract from merit through the malevolence of party motive, with the pencil of truth sketches his character in the following animated manner.

"He is a writer of the most splendid and unequal powers; the fascination and magic of his eloquence cannot be withstood. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of creation, and every walk of art. His images are so select, so rich with colours dipt in heaven, that whoever can read his works without rapture, may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

A *Knight of the Thimble*, who lately removed into Salisbury, (Conn.) made his addresses to a fair nymph, and handed to the clergyman of the Parish, for publication on Sunday, as is customary in the place, the following *morceau elegante*.

"J. M——, of Salisbury, and S. E——, of Danbury, design to coalesce in espousal congruance."

For this, *Snip* is said to have pondered over the vocabulary of the language many hours; but being disappointed in not having his *cabaged* production read, by the parson's substituting a notice in the usual form, he is said to have *clift* him in his intended *Fee*.

The Treasurer of the Society for the relief of poor widows, &c. acknowledges the receipt of six hundred and two dollars, collected at a Charity Sermon, preached by the rev. Dr. Miller, at the Presbyterian church in Wall-street. Also, enclosed to the rev. Dr. Miller, and to be added to the above sum, one hundred dollars, from a lady belonging to that church, who was not able to be present when the collection was made on Sunday evening.

REMARKABLE FERTILITY.

On the first inst. Mrs. Irish, wife of David Irish, of Westfield, Washington County, was delivered of *five natural living children*.

Mr. Fickle came too late for this week's paper. We shall attend to him in our next number.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Lyle, Mr. Wm. G. Miller, jun. to Miss Eliza Minugh, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Henderson, Mr. Seth Babbit, to Miss Margaret Teller, both of this city.

At Hartford, by the rev. Dr. Strong, Mr. Elihu White, merchant, to Miss Sarah Trumbull, daughter of the Hon. John Trumbull.

DIED, Suddenly, at the seat of G. R. Livingston, esq. at Redhook, Mr. John Kane, sen. of this city.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Ann Cooper, wife of Mr. Francis Cooper, a member of the New-York Assembly.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. John C. Shuft.

On Sunday morning, of a lingering illness, Mrs. E. Carpenter, wife of Mr. Thomas Carpenter.

POETRY.

FABLE.

THE METAMORPHOSED MOLE AND
LAMB.

'Tis granted that no charm is seen,
More pleasing than a modest mein :
Yet nothing meets with more disgraces,
Than awkward airs and blushing faces,
This maxim as a medium hold,
Be not too backward nor too bold.

A vagrant Lamb, to shun, one day,
The sun's intolerable ray,
Entered a cave. From out her hole,
Dusty and sad appeared a Mole.
Each stares with wild astonished look,
The Lamb at length the silence broke.

It ne'er has been my chance to find,
A friend so fashioned to my mind ;
No longer breathe this stifled air,
With me to healthy hills repair,
Come and enjoy the solar ray,
And bring your virtues into day ;
The dewy lawn, the flowery field,
New raptures to your heart shall yield.
But why so slow ? what fate severe
Has fixed such worth and beauty here ?

My humble state the Mole replied,
Is owing to my want of pride.
For human nature once I knew,
I saw, I blush'd, and I withdrew.
A female's faultless form I bore,
That belles might envy, beaux adore.
But ever fearful to offend,
I sought no charms that airs could lend :
Yet scandal titter'd round the ring,
I felt the smart of envy's sting,
Yet for no secret vengeance pray'd :
To shun contempt I sought the shade.
Ah ! where can innocence appear
Secure ! for malice found me here.
Patience expired, with rage inflam'd,
I rose and impiously exclaim'd :

Hide me, ye powers, from taunts and
lies,
From slanderous tongues and envious
eyes ;

Let me beneath the ground be hurl'd,
Nor view the vices of the world.
Jove heard too soon the rash petition,
And plac'd me in this low condition.
Yet only chang'd my outward frame,
My disposition's still the same.
Shrunk to this mean and narrow bound
And doom'd to grovel in the ground ;
My heart retains no wish to shine,
But loaths the human face divine.
Such is my fate, to me 'tis given
To hate the cheering orb of heaven.
Pomonia ripens her fruit in vain,
Tho' bounteous Ceres glads the plain,
Bacchus with rosy hand profuse,
Pours forth the tide of purple juice,
And Flora decks the fields with flowers,
Still nothing soothes my pensive hours ;
Not I however make my moan,
In sad despondency alone.
Thousands, who wit were known to in-
herit,
Have lost their sense for want of spirit.

They mostly are deserving praise,
Who court the world and know its ways,
What's wit unknown to fostering taste ?
A diamond in the watery waste.
What beauty, too, if none descry
Her love insinuating eye ?
A rose in desert wild, I ween,
That blossoms and decays unseen.

And when behold how hard the case
Of beauty destitute of grace !
If artless innocence be seen
Without an elegance of mein,
How is her simple bosom torn
With ridicule, contempt and scorn.

She spoke, and underneath the clay
Incessant work'd her burrowing way.